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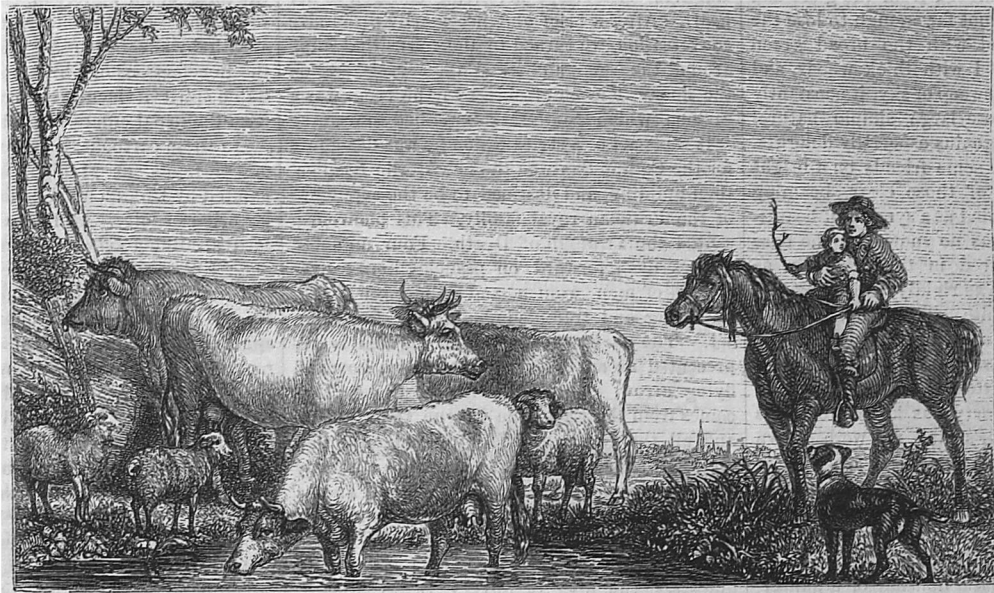
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THE RETURN OF THE COWS.

Designed and drawn on wood for the Bulletin by THOMAS F. HOPKIN. Engraved by BOBBETT & EDMONDS.

ry in order to produce a satisfactory result. The beginner, when making his first attempt at washing in, may feel disappointed if he do not attain the effect of evenness and equality, for this is not to be expected without considerable experience; and much dexterity of hand is necessary, in order to avoid blemishes of various kinds, such as inequality of color, unevenness of tint, or improperly defined edges.

[To be continued.]

PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NILE NOTES."

I.—CORNELIUS.

Whoever has been in Berlin, that most uninteresting of great capitals, will remember the *Thier-garten* or public park, just outside the city walls. It is the only thing about the metropolis which reminds the citizen or the stranger that there are trees in the world. And the interest of this spot is much more due to its great extent and the leafy seclusion which is possible there, than to any essential picturesque-ness; for it is laid out upon the monotonous level, which, on all other sides, surrounds Berlin like a desert. Nor can you ever escape the sense of artificiality, arising from the carefully kept avenues and paths, and the occasional reaches of dammed water, which make its lakes. Yet, because of the foliage, and because the gathering splendor of the year does not disdain to display itself in parks as well as in natural and primeval forests, the *Thier-garten* is the favorite and only resort of all who wish to escape the dreariness of a city, which, excepting a fine opera, a good university, and a fair gallery of painting and sculpture, has nothing of a great metropolis but size.

In the early spring you are sure to encounter long-haired young men in the remoter parts of the wood, with very impeachable garments and artistically slouched hats, sitting upon stones or benches, and busily writing with pencils. These youths will be equally sure to accost you, if you are also young, and if the state and length of your hair permits a suspicion of congenial sympathies; and after a friendly salutation, they will inform you that they are

engaged in writing their *Frühlings-Gedanken*, their *Spring-thoughts*, and always in verse more remarkable for quantity than quality. With or without permission asked, they will then proceed to read to you what the Spring has whispered to them in the rustling of the tender foliage; and you discover that this poetry of the million is good in the degree that it resembles Uhland, the model upon which the verse is formed. Beyond this it is only interesting as an added proof of the lyrical sentimentalism of the German mind.

In some of the walks, also, your rambles bring you upon another class of poets, the young students of painting, who are trying to steal for their canvas that golden green, which blazes through the intervening dark trunks of trees, as if gorgeous clouds were tangled among the distant boughs, and by its brilliant variety, although with all the freshness of the nascent year, that green reminds you of the fading splendors of autumn, like a masque of decay and old age performed by children. These are the more interesting class of poets, and often, rather with the crayon than with the brush, they seize, with faithful German accuracy, the elaborate intricacy of woven, bare boughs, showing the accurate eye and the steady hand which are the praises of German landscapists.

Within the *Thier-garten*, just outside the chief gate of the city, and never very far from the sketchers and singers in the wood, lives CORNELIUS. His house is not a gun-shot from the walls, and commands the lawn-like level of open green which lies before the pleasant summer pavilion of Kroll—a spacious dancing saloon and cafe, in which Strauss gave his Berlin concerts, but which was, unhappily, recently destroyed by fire. By the side of the house of CORNELIUS, is a little palace, or villa, if the word were not ludicrous in the *Thier-garten*, belonging to his patron (an unhappy word again, but necessary), the Count Raczynski, now Prussian ambassador in Spain, but more widely and agreeably known for his contributions to the literature of Art, which, in view of their copious illustration and careful research, rather than from any especially

acute critical perception, may be called magnificent. The Count Raczynski, happily possessed of ample means to gratify his taste for the arts, has placed in this palace one of the choicest and most interesting galleries of contemporary Art. It is small, but very select, and comprises some of the best of the characteristic modern pictures. Here is the Cartoon (I think it was never painted upon canvas, but it will form one of the frescoes in the hall of the Berlin Museum) of Kaulbach's *Battle of the Huns*. Here also is Leopold Robert's *Harvesters on the Pontine Marshes*, painted originally for the Count, who was one of the warmest friends of the unhappy artist; and here is Paul Delaroche's *Pilgrims at St. Peter's*, and the little Düsseldorf picture of *The two Leonoras*, besides other masterly sketches of Kaulbach, Overbeck, and CORNELIUS. These are well arranged, in a gallery expressly built for them, and to which access is at all times permitted, and in the freest and most courteous manner. Not so much as a Custode is present. You ring at the door, and upon presenting your card, pass up the staircase, and remain as long as you will. This gracious and noble courtesy becomes a gentleman, who understands that the accident of possessing means to procure a picture does not authorize its owner to exclude the world from its enjoyment. For every work of art is for men, and not for a man, a feeling which is justified by the instinct of great artists, which leads them to wish to work to some result that cannot be personally appropriated, as the adorning of public buildings.

I understand that the Count Raczynski, who values CORNELIUS no less as a friend than he honors him as an artist, for in the Count's opinion, CORNELIUS is at the head of modern Art, presented the artist with the house in which he lives, to secure his society. The duties of a public career separate the Diplomatist from the Painter. But his artistic studies are not neglected in a sphere so stimulating as the land of Murillo and Velasquez, and the results have been partly embodied and given to the world in a work upon Spanish Art.

The house of CORNELIUS is a pleasant home

for an artist. It is removed from the glare and noise of the city, yet not far enough to lose the city conveniences, and with the broad green space before it, fringed with thick woods, and domed by a splendid sweep of sky, it constantly offers to his eye, those large, simple, natural outlines in which his genius especially delights. I strolled thither with some friends on a bright winter morning, one of those clear, beaming days that haunt the mind as a symbol of beautiful old age. There was no snow, but the bare boughs were sculptured in the crisp air, as sharply, and stretched as rigidly, as if they had been hewn from granite. The sun lay broad and warm upon the tawny lawn, and shone all over the painter's house.

An old woman admitted us, with a welcoming smile, for one of the party was known to her as a friend of her master's, and we were shown into one of his painting-rooms. Before we had time to look around us CORNELIUS came in. He is a very short man, rather thick-set, and with that air of delicacy in his appearance which is so common in elderly Germans, and which arises not so much from natural delicacy of organization, as from the unnatural warmth in which they live. For the altar which a German builds to his Lares is a huge edifice of white porcelain, cold and forbidding in its appearance, one of which occupies a corner of every room, and which you would not suspect to be a stove, until your curiosity in investigation brought you near enough to burn your fingers. To these porcelain monuments in the parlor, which, with the greatest economy of fuel, afford an abundance of dry, dead, disagreeable heat, and to the abominable *Bett-deckers*, or feather-beds, in the chambers, under which a German smoulders through the long northern night, is, doubtless, to be attributed, in great measure, the unhealthy hue and complexion of the Germans. It shows itself in the skin of the hand, as well as in the face, for it is rarely a robust, rosy skin, but has a semi-parboiled, opaque whiteness, especially about the joints, which is very disagreeable to the eye. I do not wish to associate this impression with Cornelius, for I remember that he did not especially affect me in that manner; but with all its delicacy, which was, I believe, in his case, the natural complexion of an invalid, his complexion had a kind of frosty rosininess, which was attractive. He was well wrapped in a huge woollen morning-gown, and wore a velvet cap, which he removed upon greeting us, and held in his hand while we remained. For the rest, there was nothing striking in his appearance, except a youthful luminous eye, one of the kindest and softest eyes I have ever seen. His manner fulfilled the promise of the eye, for it was simple and cordial. Its total want of artificiality was like the address of a boy; but like that of a man of generous mind and thoughtful life, was its gracious sweetness. I was sorry that the German of all of us was incompetent, at that time, to an unembarrassed conversation, and we were obliged to resort to French, a language which is doubly flippant and unsatisfactory, when the topic is poetic and the person simple.

Learning that some of us were recently from Rome, the light flashed more deeply in the artist's eye, and he asked a rapid variety of questions about the persons and things that chiefly interested him there, showing how unwithering is the affection with which "the mother of dead

Empires" still clasps her living children to her heart. After a brief and necessarily discursive conversation, we turned to the works that hung around the room, and stood upon easels, and on the floor. The chief object in the room was a cartoon, which CORNELIUS explained to us.

It was part of a series which he was designing for the Campo Santo in the new Berlin Basilica, then building, and destined to be the sepulchre of the Prussian royal family. This one represented the Triumph of Death. Four mounted figures dash forward, on prancing horses over crowds of men, women, and children, who fall, imploring and trampled, before the fierce onset. The farther of the four figures is represented as an Oriental, with drawn bow and flying arrow, symbolizing the pestilence that comes from the East; the Plague, the Cholera, and all the fierce and fearful epidemics that scourge the earth. Next to him rides a ghostly anatomy, lean Famine with a balance. Then a stalwart youth, wielding a heavy sword, and with blood-shot eager eyes, figuring War; and nearest the spectator, chief among his mighty ministers, the king of terrors, Death himself, mowing with his shining scythe, the ripe and trembling harvest of old age. Behind him, like his visible and palpable terrors, dwindling into the mystery of awe and nameless horror, streams a wild flight of spirits, crowding forward from the infinite womb of dark terror into the reality of wo. It is a gorgeous pageant of horror.

CORNELIUS said that in the face of death he had borrowed an idea from Shakspeare (for Ticek's masterly translation of Shakspeare, makes him a more familiar classic in the German than any foreign author is in the English, except Cervantes). Unable to depict him sufficiently horrible, he had painted him laughing, and Death is grinning a ghastly grin.

There were also cartoons of the smaller pictures to be ranged under the great series. Those that we saw, represented three of the ministrations of Christianity, namely, comforting the prisoner and the sick, and leading out of persecution into salvation. The subjects are treated in the most obvious manner, and as we were looking at them, CORNELIUS said, "Modern German Philosophy has wandered away from Religion, and Art repays to Religion the negligence of Philosophy." The remark was sufficient to indicate the old man's meaning, that the subtle speculations of modern metaphysics frequently reach conclusions, opposed to the palpable and superficial sense of a record, often too conventionally interpreted. But it was far from a just appreciation of the real case, or of the true scope of modern art. For evidently, Philosophy must always coincide with Religion, being, in so far as it is worthy the name Philosophy, only the intellectual statement of the great essence of Religion, so far as it is explicable. Philosophy parts with Religion at the point where the latter soars into the "intolerable radiancy" of incomprehensibility, that is, where the mystery of Faith begins, and the evidence of sight ends. Philosophy is sight, it is the examination of laws, but the existence of the lawgiver is beyond its proof, and beyond its power, being implied in its own functions.

This was an illustration of the apparently profound, but not very sensible remarks, in which artists, like the rest of us, sometimes indulge, giving to a superficial and partial observation,

the form of an aphorism. We saw in another room the pouring out of the Seven Vials of Wrath by the Seven Angels, and a cartoon of the Benefactions of Christianity, or of the charitable spirit it inculcates, representing a Feast, with the usual offices of christian love.

In these cartoons, however, as in the church of St. Louis, at Munich, which was entirely painted by CORNELIUS, I could find nothing very inspiring or lofty. All his paintings, that I have seen, are like good, wholesome, homely preaching. Not to speak it profanely, they are genial commonplaces. He is the most proper of painters. But if he does not offend by palpable exaggeration, which is often, however, a misdirection of genuine power, neither does he interest by any novelty of feeling or treatment in the old methods. Measured by his eminent contemporaries, he has none of the fine poetic imagination, none of the splendor of conception and brilliance of execution that distinguish his distinguished pupil Kaulbach, nor has he the deep, adoring, religious sentiment, the profound piety of Overbeck. The single figures are not rememberable, the whole does not haunt you, like a poem, or a symphony, or a grandly-featured landscape. While you gaze, every thing is very intelligible and simple. He is a grave, graphic, dry, unimaginative painter. My constant feeling was, that he was quite as great and good a painter as Klopstock was a poet, but that in both cases the fame was far beyond the fact. If I may illustrate farther, his works, and not therein differing from Klopstock's Messiah, affect you like bodies of divinity, like fat folios of old sermons, prodigiously respectable and very dull.

If we look, for a moment, at the cartoon of the Triumph of Death, shall we find any essential difference from the probable treatment of the same theme in the hands of Fra Angelico, except that with the latter, there would have been throughout, a delicate religious sentimentalism? There is the same obvious naturalness which distinguishes the early painters, without any of the grotesque, semi-symbolical treatment, which, in those pictures, always indicates the superiority of the thought to the means of expressing it, and to the comprehension of these means.

This refers, of course, to the essential significance of the pictures of CORNELIUS, to that which is the highest excellence of every work of Art, and upon which all comprehensive criticism is to be predicated. There is, obviously, no resemblance in manipulation to the early pictures. The knowledge of pigments, and the mechanical skill with which he uses them, are large elements in the consideration of the position to which a painter is entitled. But it can never be sufficiently repeated, that these things, carried to perfection, only complete the artisan, and are quite irrespective of what is universally interesting and admirable in the artist. For although, as an acute thinker upon Art and its essential character and relations once said to me, "the artist must be four fifths mechanic, and one-fifth poet," yet the one-fifth is the element that makes him an artist, in the catholic sense of the word. To a tumbler of water, Hahnemann exhorts us to put a suspicion of poison, which is only effective as medicine under these conditions, but clearly it is the suspicion of poison that makes the liquid a medicine.

It is the want of original creative power which is felt in CORNELIUS, and in which Kaulbach, who is by many years his junior, precedes him in the most penetrant and able judgments of the time. But as a man, I remember few of more pleasing impression. He had in perfection, what the Germans express by the word *gemüthlichkeit*, for which we have no adequate synonym, but which implies a genial friendliness, which is the most fascinating form of character. He had all the love and enthusiasm of a boy for his art, and when it was mentioned to him that Bingge, one of our company, would be an artist, he greeted him with especial cordiality, as if he were worthy of peculiar recognition, whom Art had called to her service.

Although the paintings of CORNELIUS did not seize me up in chariots of fire, to their own world, or particularly illustrate my own, being only the evident facts of the Christian history and doctrine, simply rendered, and as if by a student rather than by a pietist, and although they have not enriched mind or fancy with new thoughts or graces, yet it was beautiful to see a man, already old, so fervently engaged upon a work which must, in all probability, be his last great effort. The room was warm, and the sunshine fell through the high studio window. Canaries sang in cages upon the walls. Crayons and stumps lay in chairs by the easels, upon which rested the cartoons, and in the midst stood the mild old man, whose whole life had been dedicated to the worship of Beauty, and which, in the midst of congenial pursuits, was gliding tranquilly to its end. It was another illustration of the fact so often observed in Germany, that no man claims from age the privilege of inactivity and rest. The Germans work quietly and constantly, always learning, always working, and die at last wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove. Goethe, to the last year of his long life, did not turn away from his work, and all winter long, in Berlin, I had heard Ritter, an old man, lecturing to young men, with the fervor and interest of youth, upon the theme of which he is the greatest living master, the philosophy and poetry of geography. The year before I saw him, he had made a long and adventurous journey into India and among the Himalaya mountains, in pursuance of his studies, and was closely and constantly engaged upon his *Encyclopedia of Geography*. The last time I saw the old man was in his library. He was carelessly wrapped in his study gown, and conversed with the genial ease and familiarity of a man of our own years. Tieck, too, the poet, the head of the modern romantic school in German literature—and whose brother, the sculptor, and a man of congenial tastes, died during the last year—although old and ill, was still busy, and while I was in Berlin performed his latest literary duty, which was also a work of love. Many years ago, Tieck and Frederic Schlegel edited the writings of Novalis, a poet and mystic, contemporary with their youth. The third volume, after the lapse of many years, Tieck published alone, with a preface of pathetic dignity, closing in these words: "With sorrow and not without a kind of devotion, I commend, after almost fifty years, these remains of a noble and great soul to the friends of true mysticism." Nor must I omit the name of Alexander Humboldt, to complete and crown these illustrations of untiring and unyielding intellectual labor.

FIGURE C.



With such contemporaries, and in the same spirit, flows the serene life of CORNELIUS. It is a spirit and principle of life which severely criticises our own. Our flame kindles early, burns fiercely but briefly, and early declines. We study with the same life-consuming zeal that we make money. We "finish our education," "settle" into some profession, and our young men are old men and our old men are weary or disgusted. If, in Germany, a man at thirty is not so far advanced as an American, at fifty he is in the prime of his vigor, with all his faculties unworn. A boy from our colleges is surprised at the simple school-lectures of a German University; but if he wait long enough, he will discover that the German plan of education is based upon the principle that a man is always a student. I may not here follow farther the result of this theory of life; but it is not difficult to see that this principle of sure, though slow progress, is the perfecting power of a people.

After the pleasant morning in his studio, I frequently met CORNELIUS in the streets of Berlin. Close wrapped in his ample fur coat, he moved slowly, self-involved, through the twilight, which is the only wintry day in that latitude, bearing about him the same quiet geniality, like a golden afternoon radiance. The storm of the late revolutions broke over Prussia, as over the rest of Europe, and in the midst I left Berlin. I did not see the painter again. But through all the fury of that storm, I fancied him tranquilly at work in the *Thier-garten*, the sun shining still, and the canaries singing—tranquilly at work—

—"even as those
Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
Into the grave."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.

[We announced a few months since the departure of Mr. HEINE for Central America, where he intended to join Mr. SQUIER. We have lately received a letter from him giving an account of some interesting antiquities at Granada, sketches of which he inclosed. We herewith present engravings of these, together with a translation of the letter.]

GRANADA, 5th August, 1851.

To the Committee of the American Art-Union,
New-York.

GENTLEMEN.—According to a promise made to your president, Mr. Cozzens, I avail myself of the first opportunity to give you some information respecting the objects of ancient American art which are scattered over these regions that I am just about to explore in company with my friend, Mr. Squier. These remains of an epoch from which we are separated by a long interval of centuries, interest us in two different ways. Now, as artists, we admire the finish of the workmanship and the beauty of the style, and then, again, as historians and lovers of science we take a deep interest in the most bizarre forms and the coarsest specimens. This is not the place, nor have I the idea of establishing any hypotheses, for I am just beginning my journey, and this is the first time I have travelled in this country, the history of which is buried in the obscurity of ages. The more accomplished pen of my friend, Mr. Squier, will, at some future day, communicate to the public the results of our enterprise. Without offering any theories, then, I shall content myself with simply stating my own observations, and the circumstances under which I found these antiquities.